Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendsday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,
The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:
Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
In thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall be borne to that same auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not
Fri. Hold get you gone, be stro
In this resolue, ile send a Frier with
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to th
Iu. Loue giue me strength, and
Farewell deare father.
Enter Father Capulet, *Moth*
Seruing men, two or
Ca. So many guests inuite as h
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunnin
Ser. You shall haue none ill sir,
fingers.
Capu. How canst thou trie the
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cooke
gers: therefore hee that cannot
me.
Ca. Go be gone, we shall be mu
What is my daughter gone to Fri
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to d
A peeuish selfewieldhar lottry it
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where she comes fro
Ca. How now my headstrong,
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and am
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostra
To beg your pardon, pardon I be
Henceforward I am euer rulde b
Ca. Send for the Countie, go
Ile haue this knot knit vp to mor
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord a
And gaue him what becomd lou
Not stepping ore the bounds of
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this
This is ast should be, let me see t
I marrie go I say and fetch him hi